

Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

APRIL 1971





VISITING the front in the Shaduzup area of Northern Burma, Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell (right), with Col. Ernest Easterbrook, watches Chinese Signal Corps men moving up. This U.S. Army photo of General Stilwell, taken in April 1944, is of particular interest now since publication of Barbara Tuchman's new book, "Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45."

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Neil L. Maurer

Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Cover picture**, by Robert G. Kaiser, is of two smiling Nepalese women on a railroad sidetrack in northern India, waving "Gurkha knives" at a passing train. This knife, in larger size, is the kukri, the famous and deadly hand-weapon of the Gurkha soldier. Many myths have grown up around the kukri—that the Gurkha never unsheaths it without drawing blood, for example. Actually, it serves many everyday purposes in addition to its use as a weapon. And its shape and size varies from tribe to tribe.

● **Tokyo Rose** is back in the news, summoned to a federal court hearing March 28 to determine whether she can pay \$5,255 she still owes on a \$10,000 fine for treason. Now 54, Mrs. Iva Ikuko Toguri D'Aquino was convicted in 1949 for her propaganda broadcasts to U.S. forces. An American citizen, she was in Japan when the war broke out. In addition to the fine, she drew a 10-year prison sentence. Mrs. D'Aquino now works for a small family-owned merchandising firm in Chicago.

● **Many Americans** were shocked recently to see a television feature on Calcutta, India—showing people clinging to the outside of buses, sleeping on sidewalks, etc. It was no shock to CBIs, however; it was the same old Calcutta we knew a quarter century ago. More people, perhaps, but otherwise very much the same.

● **From Dallas** comes word that plans for the 1971 China-Burma-India Veterans Association Reunion are practically complete. Better mark the dates of August 4 through 7 on your calendar!

MARCH, 1971



Dr. Hunter Causey

● Dr. Hunter Atwood Causey, 62, of Myrtle Beach, S.C., died recently following a short illness. A former resident of Texarkana, Ark., he was graduated from the University of Mississippi and the Tennessee School of Medicine. During World War II he was a major, serving as a surgeon in North Africa, India, China and Burma, where he received the Bronze Star. He was a surgeon in Pine Bluff, Ark., from 1945 to 1963, and then served as chief surgeon and administrator of the Cotton Belt Railroad Hospital at Texarkana. He moved to Myrtle Beach in 1966. Survivors include his wife, a son and a daughter.

(From a newspaper clipping sent in by the Rev. Lynn McBryde, Texarkana, Texas.)



TYPICAL of the bearers who served American troops in India during World War II is Jimmy, who was bearer for the AACS and 10th Weather basha at Dudkhundi Air Base, 1945 and 1946. Photo by Joseph M. Overfield.



HOUSEBOAT on the Ganges River at Banares, India. Photo by Joe C. Shaw.

Paul T. Schnetzer

● My husband, Paul T. Schnetzer, received your magazine for years and years. He was always going to attend one of your reunions—but something always came up to keep him away. He died after a very short illness in May of 1970. He was always very proud of his service in the Air Force, and never forgot those runs over the Hump as first pilot. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster during his stay in the CBI area. I hope you will miss him. We do.

DOLORES U. SCHNETZER,
Parsippany, N.J.

Hong Kong Trip

● Met and married my dear wife of 25 years while stationed at Shanghai, China, in 1945. She was born at Vienna, Austria. We're making a trip to Hong Kong this summer to renew old memories, although we know it's changed a great

deal. I was with the 3470th A.M. Ordnance Co., having been transferred from the Alaska highway.

WILLIAM P. GRASSE,
Burbank, Calif.

Iowa Meeting

● The Iowa Basha spring meeting and election of officers will be held at the Amana club house in Amana, Iowa, on Saturday, April 24, followed by evening dinner at the Ox Yoke Inn. As usual, CBI vets from surrounding states are welcome to attend.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa

Texas Department

● New 1971 officers of the Texas Department, China-Burma-India Veterans Association are Earl O. Cullum of Dallas, state commander; Douglas J. Runk, Houston, senior vice commander; Marvin Sledge, Fort Worth, vice commander; Newton S. Thomas, New Braunsfel, adjutant; Edward T. Mai, Dallas, and Robert E. Nesmith, Houston, public relations officers; Pat Edwards, Houston, judge advocate; Bill F. Godfrey, Dallas, provost marshal; William Boyd Sinclair, Austin, service officer; and Charles R. DeLancy, Longview, historian.

EDWARD T. MAI,
Dallas, Texas



SURROUNDED by boys enrolled at St Xavier's in Patna, India, is Father Creane, S.J., who served in 1943 and 1944 as acting chaplain at Gaya, APO 630. Father Creane, who was born at St. Louis, Mo., spent more than 36 years in India. He is buried at Gaya. Photo from Warren Tucker.

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WATER LIFT in center background has partially filled rice paddy at right, while one at left remains dry. Photo by Dwight M. Burkam, taken near Kunming, China.

14th Air Force

● What will be the fore-runner of future regional reunions for the Florida West Coast area, a local dinner and entertainment party, was held February 20 at the Officers Club, McDill Air Force Base. Forty-seven members of the Flying Tigers of the 14th Air Force Association, their wives and friends were present. Buster Anderson and Bob Howard were in charge of arrangements, Bob Lisle was master of ceremonies, and Gregg Carpenter performed amazing tricks of magic. Milt Klein outlined the purpose and objectives of the "last man" organization. Net proceeds of the sale of tickets and donated articles will go to the scholarship fund, which subsidizes 12 college youngsters, American and Chinese. At the close of the evening each "Tiger" arose and recounted events of his life and career after leaving old China.

MILT KLEIN,
Suffern, N.Y.

Harold Caskey

● Harold Caskey 52, of Waukegan, Okla., died December 30, 1970, at a Purcell hospital. He was a lifelong resident of that area, where he farmed and worked at the

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Lexington Annex of the Central State Hospital. He was a World War II veteran of the China-Burma-India theater. Survivors include his wife, six daughters and three sons.

(From an item in the Oklahoma Journal, submitted by George Pelling, Oklahoma, City, Okla.)

Robert J. Warren

● Robert J. Warren, 49, veteran San Francisco news photographer, died January 9 after a long illness. Before joining the staff of the San Francisco Examiner he had worked for the News Call-Bulletin, the San Francisco News, the Office of War Information, Acme-NEA, and the Associated Press. One of the high points of his career came when, as a war correspondent with OWI, he photographed the Japanese surrender ceremonies aboard the battleship Missouri. Prior to that he had been assigned to the war-time headquarters of Chiang Kai-shek in Chungking.

(From a newspaper clipping sent in by Ray Kirkpatrick, San Francisco, Calif.)

Keep it Up

● It is a distinct pleasure to again renew my subscription to your unmatched publication. Keep up the good work.

AL LEONE,
Middletown, N.Y.



BIG CROWD turns out for wedding procession at Jaipur, India. Photo by Warren Tucker.

Guns Were for Shooting

One of the most discussed, and perhaps most controversial, books about CBI to appear in several years is Barbara W. Tuchman's "Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45," published in February of this year by The Macmillan Company. The following are some of many reviews of the book to appear recently.

By JOHN N. REDDIN
In the Milwaukee Journal

"Peanut" and Gen. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell did not see eye to eye. Gen. Joseph Stilwell thought that when you are being attacked you should resist. He felt the first rule was to have an army that didn't run away. He thought that when you had men and arms you ought to commit them.

"Peanut" was, at least in Stilwell's diary, President Chiang Kai-shek of Nationalist China. Chiang's theory was that to win the war for China was to get all the money, arms and material possible from the Americans, hoard them until the end of the war and use them to keep his regime in power.

Barbara W. Tuchman describes her biography this way: "The theme of this book is the relation of America to China, in a larger sense to Asia. The vehicle of the theme is the career of Gen. Stilwell." She had the advantage of access to Stilwell's terse, earthy and bitter diaries.

There could be few more complex men than Stilwell, or one more contentious, likable, bitter, enthusiastic. He couldn't understand why plain common sense couldn't solve military problems. Gen. George C. Marshall called him the best field commander in the American army. His troops thought so, too. Yet he was destined to spend the war in its most complex, unproductive, frustrating theaters.

Stilwell was our man in the China, Burma, India theater. CBI they called it, translated by GIs as "Confused Bastards in India."

There was solid reason for his being there. After notable service in France in World War I, Stilwell turned his career to China. He learned the lan-

guage. He spent years getting to know the terrain, the people and the problems. He came to despise most of the leaders as corrupt and inefficient. He was by far the most knowledgeable American military officer as far as China was concerned, and when World War II started he was sent to China.

America had a thing about China. It had a guilt complex about the long years in which western nations pressed in on the ancient kingdom, enforced self-aggrandizing trade and treated people badly. America sent missionaries and businessmen who thought they were missionaries—who went to do good and did very well, as the saying goes—and who carried back to the United States an emotional, distorted story that lasted not only until the truth about the Chiang Kai-shek government became known in 1944 but, carried on by the "they lost China" fanatics, well into the 1950's.

When Stilwell arrived to help Chiang he found that the Nationalist armies were not at war with the Japanese, but were trying to hem in the Chinese Communist forces in the north, who were fighting the Japanese.

His first job, Stilwell felt, was to regain control of northern Burma to open supply lines to China. Chiang promised to help, but time and again refused to commit troops.

Stilwell found himself in a hopeless mess, with the Japanese advancing on all fronts. His frustration became complete the day before he had to admit defeat and run when Chiang sent a telegram ordering him to issue one watermelon to each four men—men on the verge of starvation and abandoned by Chiang. Stilwell escaped by leading 114 men and women through jungle and over mountains for hundreds of miles to safety in India. It was one of the great endurance stories of the war.

The trek was called a victory by the Allied press. But Stilwell said publicly in Delhi: "We got one hell of a beating." He also said: "I think we ought to find out what caused it and go back and retake it."

Back in Chungking, Stilwell found

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ADDRESSING his gang near Mageagon, Burma, Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell points out that the march out of Burma is to be on foot from this point on. The road had petered out, he said, and members of the party would have to discard all personal possessions except what they could carry. The long march started May 1 1942 and ended May 20, 1942, in Imphal, Assam. U. S. Army photo.

Chiang still afraid to commit or even train troops that might, he feared, overthrow his government. Gen. Claire Chennault, head of the American air force in China, was promising Chiang that he could drive the Japanese out of China and destroy Japan itself with air power.

Chiang listened and helped build big air fields he could not defend. His genius was shown in his long distance defense of the big airfield at Ch'u Hsien. Stilwell recorded it this way: "With the usual brilliant result . . . Peanut ordered two armies to hide in the mountains and attack the flank when the Japanese passed. The Japs simply blocked the exit roads and went on . . ."

Stilwell was furious about the treatment of Chinese recruits brought in tied with ropes, poorly fed, seldom paid. Chiang's single interest was American aid. His brother-in-law H. H. Kung spent his time trying to get American money—and succeeding. Cyril

Rogers, Bank of England representative, said that Kung had "the mentality of a child of 12. If I were to record his conversations with me about banking and play it back, nobody would ever take Chiang's government seriously again."

Stilwell's abrasiveness came out when Wendell Willkie visited China and was given the VIP treatment by Chiang. The former presidential candidate was offered a visit to the "front." Stilwell said before an official gathering of the officialdom, including Chiang and Willkie: "Certainly Mr. Willkie must go. He mustn't miss it. It's the biggest market in China. It's where the Japanese and the Chinese meet to trade all the goods they need from each other."

By November of 1942 Stilwell was told by Marshall that because of the European war he could expect little help. He wrote his wife: "Peanut and I are on a raft, with one sandwich between us, and the rescue ship head-

ing away from the scene."

It was, as Barbara Tuchman says, "one of history's cruelest tricks" that Stilwell and President Franklin Roosevelt, who both felt strongly about China, mistrusted each other. Stilwell referred to Roosevelt in his diary as "old rubberlegs," a nasty comment on the president's polio infirmity.

Stilwell went on to open northern Burma and laid the groundwork for victory in the CBI theater. Marshall called it one of the greatest victories of the war but Stilwell's differences with Chiang grew and the generalissimo demanded his recall.

Back home Stilwell was offered the job as Marshall's chief of staff. He asked for a field assignment instead. He was given the 10th Army and the mission to invade Japan.

But the atomic bomb ended the war and the necessity of invasion. Stilwell's career was ended. He died shortly afterward of cancer.

This is more than a biography of Stilwell. It is a history of lost opportunities in China. The brilliant career officers sent to China and rebuffed by Chiang were later blamed in the McCarthy days for having "lost" China. Chiang was the one who lost it.

One of Stilwell's greatest disappointments was that Chiang refused to let him use the disciplined, eager Communist Chinese troops. Chou En-lai had sent word: "I would serve under Gen. Stilwell, and I would obey."

Much more remains to be written about American-Chinese relations in World War II. In the meantime this volume serves well—as Stilwell did. □

BY LAUREN SOTH

In the Des Moines Register

In its relations with China and the Far East, the United States in the last 30 years has nearly always repudiated the advice of its own best informed and most-experienced military and diplomatic specialists for the area.

Gen Joseph W. Stilwell, the U.S. commander for the China-Burma-India theater in World War II, was frustrated in his attempts to organize Chinese armies to fight the Japanese. The State Department's small corps of China experts, along with Stilwell, repeatedly warned Washington that Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government was cor-

rupt and did not have the support of the people.

They reported that the Chinese Communists, led by Mao Tse-tung, were running a more honest government, were more virile and were gaining popular support throughout China.

Stilwell wanted Washington to require Chiang to cooperate with the Communists in the war against Japan. But President Roosevelt thought Chiang had to be placated to keep him from surrendering to the Japanese, and Chiang didn't want to use his Lend-Lease equipment and his armies; he wanted to save his forces for fighting the Communists after the war.

The collapse of the Chiang Kai-shek regime and the takeover by the Communists were inevitable, despite the billions of dollars of U.S. aid to Nationalist China. The shameful irony is that the people who learned about what was going to happen in China, and reported it, were blamed for causing the collapse of the Nationalist government and the assumption of power of the Communists.

American policy in Asia has been dominated by hate and fear of Communism. After World War II, when the wartime alliance with Soviet Russia broke up and the Chinese Communists looked like the rising power in China, America's fear of Communism became hysteria. The Foreign Service experts on China were hounded from the government, and the China lobby, with the charming Madame Chiang Kai-shek in front, rode high. Senator Joe McCarthy blasted reputations, with the result that independent views and original thinking about Asia were drowned in a safe conformity.

Barbara W. Tuchman's new book, "Stilwell and the American Experience in China" (Macmillan), tells the story of American failure in China. Perhaps there was little the United States could do to change the course of events in a nation of half a billion people, but a reader of Mrs. Tuchman's splendid biography-history can't help speculating on what might have happened if Stilwell had had his way.

Stilwell loved and admired the Chinese people, with whom he had lived on several tours of pre-war Army duty. He was convinced they would make excellent soldiers and finally proved

it in Burma, despite Chiang's interference.

Stilwell's contempt for Chiang Kai-shek was monumental. He did not deign to hide it, and this was one of the China theater problems. Stilwell was cantankerous and vain; he wasn't called "Vinegar Joe" for nothing. But the troops loved him as a general who lived the way they did.

U.S. policy in China was plagued, also, by the fierce rivalry between Stilwell and Maj. Gen. Claire Chennault. Chennault was supremely confident that he could defeat Japan by air power if he were given enough airplanes. Chennault said that if he had 500 combat planes and 100 transports, plus complete authority in the theater, he could neutralize Japanese air efforts in Burma and Indochina, relieve the Japanese threat to India and practically knock out Japan.

This was appealing to Chiang Kai-shek. If Chennault could do the job, there was no need for trying to reform his army and risk disturbing the delicate balance of political cliques which gave him his power.

Stilwell insisted that the only way to win the war was to create a safe land route through Burma to supply Chinese armies and then give them strong leadership to fight. This required reform of the Nationalist government. There was the rub.

If Stilwell had been able to use American military aid to force a coalition with the Chinese Communists and to organize an effective campaign against the Japanese, as he believed he could, the Peking government today might be less hostile toward the United States. After the end of World War II, when the fear of Communism was rising in America and demands were being made for massive aid to Chiang Kai-shek, including possible U.S. military involvement in China, Stilwell said, "We ought to get out—now."

Instead, the U.S. tried vainly to prop up the faltering Chiang regime, helped transport Nationalist troops to the north to meet the Communists and continued to shovel out money. In the years since the Communist victory (1949), the U.S. has allied itself with the status quo elements of society in



STARTING an inspection trip of the Chinese 50th Division, Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell is shown with General Hu Su (center) and Chinese staff members. U.S. Army photo.

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Korea, Taiwan (where Chiang still holds sway) and Indochina, during a period of revolutionary drives throughout Asia.

Mrs. Tuchman concludes: "Stilwell's mission was America's supreme try in China. He made the maximum effort because his temperament permitted no less; he never slackened and he never gave up. Yet the mission failed in its ultimate purpose because the goal was unachievable. The impulse was not Chinese. Combat efficiency and the offensive spirit, like the Christianity and democracy offered by missionaries and foreign advisers, were not indigenous demands of the society and culture to which they were brought. Even the Yellow River Road that Stilwell built in 1921 had disappeared 12 years later.

"China was a problem for which there was no American solution . . . In the end China went her own way as if the Americans had never come."

True. But if Americans had listened to Stilwell and his compatriots who knew China, the United States might have been "out" sooner and less identified with right-wing reactionary anti-revolution political groups in Asia than it is today. □

BY JOHN K. FAIRBANK

In Business Week

Joseph W. Stilwell was the kind of able and hard-driving, ingenious and persistent West Pointer who was bound to have a successful career, and he did indeed rise to be a full general. But his career had involved him in China where, toward the end of World War II, he faced another ingenious and persistent military man, Chiang Kai-shek, who had risen to be a generalissimo. The conflict between them was advertised as one of personalities, and since Chiang was on his home ground, Stilwell had to be recalled from China in October, 1944. Barbara Tuchman's brilliant account makes it plain that these two men were not merely strong personalities but exemplars of leading traits in their two countries.

Stilwell's effort to reform and build up a modern Chinese army would sooner or later have dissolved the old military power structure on top of which

Chiang Kai-shek performed his central balancing act. The starving conscripts, officer corruption, hoarding of supplies, and loyalty-before-merit of the Nationalist forces, added to the stress and exhaustion of resisting Japan, fostered a strongly conservative status quo.

A Stilwell-trained and modernized army could have opened the door to a Chinese military rebellion but it never had a chance. Stilwell's effort to intervene in China to energize the war effort was abandoned as beyond the American interest and capability.

Barbara Tuchman also gives our World War II China policy its due. It was a policy of using fair words, money, and military supplies to keep Chinese fighting Japanese on our behalf. But it was also a naive FDR concept that postwar China could somehow be aided to fill the power vacuum left by the defeat of Japan—an American idea that never came off since it overlooked the fact of the Chinese revolution.

Perhaps the greatest contribution of this well-researched, fast-paced narrative is that it puts "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell in perspective as not merely our man in China but actually one of the most talented American combat commanders of the World War II generation. He was the man picked to command the North African landings until he was suddenly drafted to be Chiang's chief-of-staff, to try to keep China in the war.

Stilwell's career was based on a combination of qualities. He had a gift for languages (he taught Spanish and French at West Point) and liked foreign travel (Europe, Mexico, China, the Philippines). He early got a reputation as a G-2 planner in the preparation for the first big American wartime offensive on the St. Mihiel salient in 1918, where George C. Marshall was G-3.

Stilwell's early assignments in North China, at Peking and at Tientsin, had shown him warlordism at its worst, but his travels through the countryside trying to appraise the situation had given him a firsthand and intimate affection for the Chinese people. The charm of China for the American in the 1920s lay not merely in his special privileges as a foreigner under the unequal treaties, or his superior mod-

ernity, education, and technology. The real charm came from the Chinese people themselves, so burdened with human problems, so steadfast in their capacity to make the best of it. Stilwell's later assignments as military attache at Peking from 1935 to 1939 brought him up against the Japanese menace and Japan's victimization of the Chinese people. By the time of Pearl Harbor, he was by all odds the top military specialist on the Chinese scene, intimately acquainted with wide stretches of terrain and with the leading personalities and their overwhelming problems.

On his assignments in the U.S., Stilwell had also emerged as one of the most gifted trainers in the peacetime army, demonstrating imagination and dash in the mobile, offensive warfare that modern transport and communications had now made possible. He was one of the ablest Americans in blitzkrieg operations, and if he had not gone to China, one can imagine he might well have had the post of Omar Bradley. But the crisis in China cut short this success story.

After his repeated efforts to mount an offensive against the Japanese and for that purpose to create a modern Chinese army in India, Stilwell finally discovered that in the last analysis the generalissimo did not want a modernized force of such proportions—because of the danger that he could not himself control it. Nationalist China was also exhausted, and the tendency in Chungking to sit out the latter part of the war (Pearl Harbor was hailed as "Armistice Day" in China) can readily be understood against this background.

Stilwell's efforts were further complicated by Chiang's traditionalistic theories of strategy and tactics. Following the ancient classic on warfare, the Sun-tzu, he stressed the value of the defensive posture, letting the enemy move first and then trapping him, never offering battle except with a great superiority of forces.

In this situation, nothing could have been less appropriate than Stilwell's energetic determination first to meet the Japanese head on in Burma and then, when driven out, to fight his way back. China was simply not a country ready for any more war. North

Burma, with its jungle-filled valleys running southward, was terrible terrain to cross from East to West with a road and pipeline. Stilwell's achievement in driving his campaign across Burma and back to China was therefore an epic of high quality. Here was one of our most dynamic commanders shunted to a forlorn assignment at the most distant end of a supply line that had the lowest priority. Added to all this was the unexpected technological feat by which the Navy and Air Force finally reduced Japan across the Pacific and made a base in China unnecessary. By the time Stilwell reached his showdown with Chiang over the American demand that he be given command of the Chinese forces, the war effort in China was beginning to lose its value against Japan. American aid now figured mainly in China's domestic politics.

Stilwell and the American Experience in China makes it clear that Joe Stilwell was very much in the American-ideal mold—an athlete, a technician, an activist. He was a man interested in foreign lands and peoples, centered on his family, eternally energetic, disdainful of all pomp, cant, and superior airs. From his traveling and working among them, he understood the Chinese common people and something of the root causes of the great Chinese revolution. When he left the scene, American efforts in China fell into lesser hands and an era of Sino-American collaboration drew to an end. □

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Two Weddings --- Worlds Apart

By JANE CANADY

Des Moines, Iowa, Register

Unusual wedding ceremonies are not uncommon these days, but few young women have experienced two marriages to the same husband within 37 days, and in ceremonies 11,000 miles apart.

When blonde Janet Phillips, director of public information at Maryville College in St. Louis, Mo., and daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Allan B. Phillips, 3717 Park Ave., accepted the marriage proposal of Dr. Sansar Sharma, son of Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Sharma of Simla, India, more than a year ago in St. Louis, she thought of a traditional Episcopal wedding, with her family and friends attending.

Late in November, Janet flew to India, alone, to join her fiance, and while there, took part in three weddings, including her own on Dec. 4, before returning to St. Louis.

On Jan. 9, she and her husband were "married" again in St. Louis at Episcopal Christ Church Cathedral.

Janet's husband, a graduate of Balliol College of Oxford (England) University, received his master's degree from Punjab (India) University, doctorate from the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, and is a research associate at Washington University in St. Louis.

Early in October he had gone to visit his family in India, and Janet and he were planning to be married when he returned.

But Dr. Sharma's family had different ideas. After consultation with the family priest, Sansar wrote to Janet:

"My father wants to bless you and solemnize you as a member of our family." Janet also learned that Sansar's sister, Usha, would be married Nov. 30, and his brother, Satish, would be married Dec. 6.

Janet swung into action—shots for smallpox, cholera, yellow fever, typhoid, tetanus, gamma globulin—passport, visa, tickets, reservations, etc.,

and by late November she was on a plane to India.

Upon arriving in Hoshiarpur, India, Janet rode to the family house with Om, her fiance's brother-in-law. On the way he taught her the word, "namaste," the formal Hindu greeting, meaning "I bow before you," which is said with a slight bow and with hands pressed together at the chest.

About 50 family members were assembled and as she approached them, Sansar's father and mother and many other members of the family held a rupee (paper currency worth about 14 cents) in their right hands and circled them about her head.

"I thought they were doing this to ward off whatever evil spirits I had brought," Janet said, "but I found out later that this is a highly respected form of blessing. And happily, I found I was truly accepted by Sansar's family."

At first she was surrounded by the numerous relatives of several generations, but no one came too close, she said, as if they were afraid of her. The women giggled and sat on the floor around her. She later learned this is customary when meeting the bride of a son.

Preparations for Usha's marriage were well under way when Janet arrived. Usha had met her bridegroom only once—a brief meeting to give their approval of each other before their fathers "closed the deal."

Astrology plays a very important role in the Hindu wedding, Janet explains. The man and woman are matched according to astrological charts and the ceremony cannot take place until the stars are right, which usually is in the middle of the night.

A most significant part of the ritual comes at the end, when the couple walks around a fire four times and then takes seven steps, symbolic of their acceptance of seven vows.

On Janet's wedding day, she began to feel very lonely. She missed her own family and friends, she wanted a hot bath, a hamburger and all sorts of Western things, she says.

At noon women of the family came to "paint" her palms with a red dye, a sign of good faith to the bridegroom.

His sisters would not let her wear a sari. They were afraid that since she would be sitting on the ground during the ceremonies, she might accidentally step on it and it would fall off. So, she wore a red silk kurta (dress) with matching salwa (baggy trousers, tight at the ankles)—both thoroughly embroidered with gold.

She was given a "wedding set," a richly ornate necklace with ring and earrings to match. Sansar gave her gold bangles and she wore red and white bracelets, seven on each arm.

At 4 p.m. Janet was dressed in her wedding clothes and wearing a chuni, the long scarf Hindu women wear over their heads, when suddenly there was the sound of a blaring brass band and up the road came the musicians in red uniforms.

The children of the family were behind them, dancing and singing.

Then came Sansar, on a white horse, wearing the traditional decorated pink turban and rupee and gold necklace. Behind him came the rest of the family.

The wedding took place in the garden, with Janet and Sansar exchanging garlands of marigolds. Then under a canopy, the priest conducted the religious ceremony.

Most of the ceremony involved offerings of rosewater, rose petals, rice, herbs and ghee (clarified butter) to the fire. Also a sacred red string, symbolic of the binding together of two persons, was used in the ritual.

Most of the ceremony is from the Vedas, the ancient and most sacred of all Hindu writings, Janet says.

The couple was charged with several vows. Janet says the only ones she is sure about are that Sansar promised to give her a cow and she promised to take care of it. She says she still is waiting!

"Other vows were that I would not walk in public alone and that I always would eat after my husband," she says. "Needless to say, Women's Lib could have a ball!"

After Janet and Sansar were officially and spiritually married, the guests showered them with fresh marigold petals.

Janet says, "I feel as if I really

have married an entire family, a thought which had caused me some stress before my arrival in India. But in India, the family is a unit. It is like a highly successful commune in which even the children are treated like communal property, with not only their mothers but also everyone else in the family loving them and caring for them."

Because of Dr. Sansar's work, neurophysiology, the couple probably will remain in the West, Janet says, but "We do look forward to visiting India often, and sharing in the love which seems to permeate everyone there." □

BACK ISSUES

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

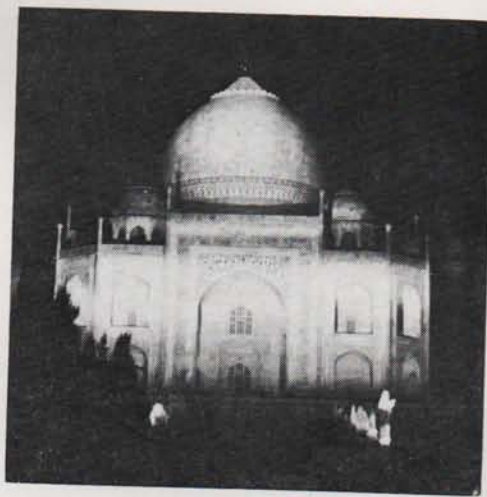
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It Happened in CBI

Readers are invited to contribute little stories about CBI incidents for publication in "It Happened in CBI," which will appear from time to time in Ex-CBI Roundup. Almost everyone knows of at least one item of interest . . . this could be a most interesting regular feature. Send your stories to Roundup.

By Larry Kemp
Darien, Conn.

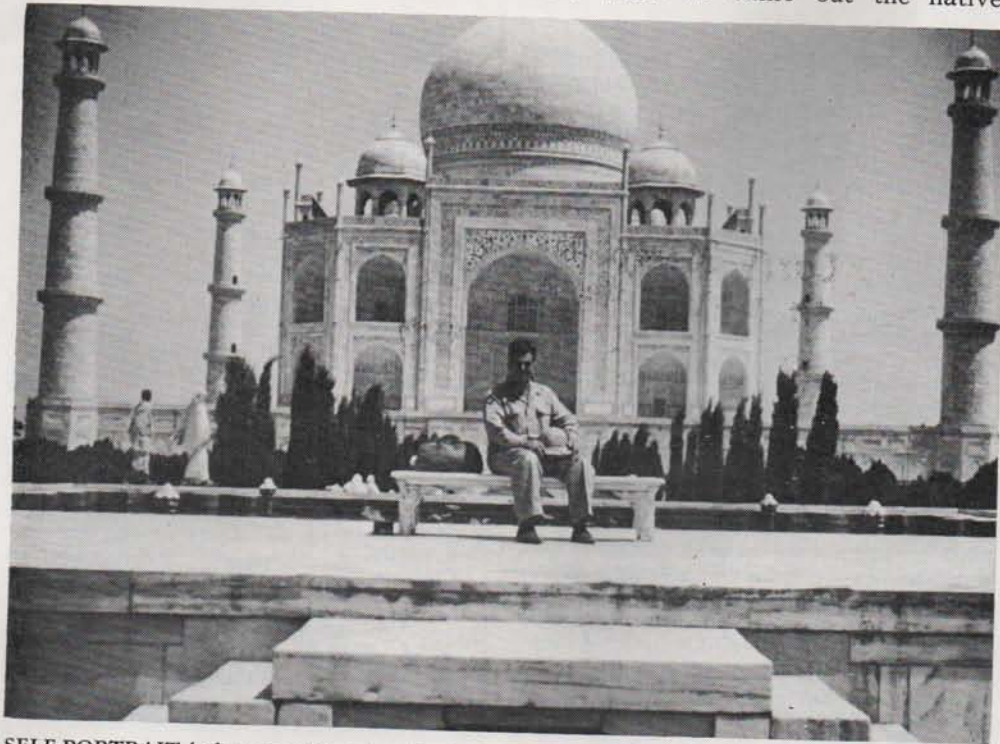
It was May, 1945. I was one of the lucky GI's on a pass to Agra, India, where the famous Taj Mahal monument is located. Being members of a photo-mapping squadron (24th Combat Mapping Squadron) we came well equipped with cameras and film. Throughout the day we took pictures of the beautiful marble building from every possible angle. We were led by a skinny Indian guide (kept thin by his work, no doubt) who climbed backwards up the winding stairs of one of the minarets (towers at the corners



THE TAJ MAHAL on VE Day, with lighting furnished by the U.S. Army Air Corps. Photo by Larry Kemp.

of the Taj) to a precarious perch at the top where we snapped more pictures.

Before we entered the main door we were asked by the natives to remove our shoes. (I'll never understand how when we came out the natives



SELF-PORTRAIT before the Taj, taken by Larry Kemp with an automatic timer on his camera.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

handed us our correct shoes without consultation.)

Once inside we learned that the elaborately carved and bejewelled coffin shaped marble slabs on the ground floor were only for display. The real burial place was downstairs. For a slight fee our guide took us there where I managed to get a picture by riding the flash from my friend's camera.

The climax of our visit came that night when we witnessed the U.S. Army Air Corps celebration of VE Day. For the first time the famous Taj was illuminated on the outside by approxi-

mately four million candle power. The lights were lit by portable generators, towed in by jeeps. We were told it was the first time any vehicle had been on the grounds. I am sure all who saw it will never forget the beautiful scene.

Somewhere (I think in Yank Magazine) a maharaja was quoted as saying, "If the U.S. Army can do this, the war will be over in three months." As we all know this prophecy proved to be correct.

I'll always be grateful I was there when it happened in CBI. □

CBI Personality

"CBI Personality," which will appear in Ex-CBI Roundup from time to time, is an attempt to relate a little personal information about some of those who served in the China-Burma-India area. Some of these items will be written by readers, others clipped from various publications . . . perhaps YOU know of someone you would like to tell about in this column. We invite your contributions.

From The Carrier, publication of the Naval Air Station, Alameda, Calif.

When Joseph Gasdick—a NARF employee since 1945—decides to do something he does not procrastinate. While working as an auto mechanic for the Hudson Essex Agency in Buffalo, New York, in 1931, he became interested in flying. Young Gasdick started taking lessons at the Buffalo Airport—soloed in six hours.

"After accumulating some flying time," he recalls, "one of my favorite pastimes was dive bombing trains and trucks with oranges. Today they would put you in jail for doing something like that."

"In the winter when there was snow on the ground the fabric covered planes would be equipped with skis. Getting stuck in drifting snow on the runway was an occasional problem. Since the planes were not equipped with radios, you just sat there until the tower spotted you and sent out a tractor."

Joining the Army Air Corps in 1936, Gasdick wound up in the Canal Zone.

He returned to the United States in 1940 and was assigned to a P-40 Curtis Tomahawk Fighter Group at Mitchell Field, Long Island.

Early in 1941 Gasdick was selected by a representative of General Claire Lee Chennault, U.S. military advisor to China, to form a civilian P-40 fighter group, known as the Flying Tigers, to protect the 1,500 mile Burma Road, the only outside life line to China.

"Those selected," Gasdick explained, "were released from the service and sent to Los Angeles—aircraft mechanics, radiomen, ordnancemen, clerks, photographers and even a chaplain."

When the 30 of them boarded a ship in San Francisco, their passports showed them listed as factory workers, salesmen, warehousemen, etc.

"Two hundred Americans just landed in Rangoon to take over Burma!" This exaggerated announcement was broadcast over the Japanese radio news soon after the small group reached Rangoon, where they were met at the dock by General Chennault.

"Imagine our surprise the next day," exclaimed Gasdick, "when we were informed that our return address would be 'The First American Volunteer Group (AVG), Chinese Air Force.'"

"We were taken to an abandoned British Airdrome in the jungle near the village of Toungoo, about 150 miles north of Rangoon. After about two weeks the first P-40 came in for repair—but no tools had arrived."

Enterprising Gasdick acquired a welding outfit from the British at Rangoon . . . had the natives scrounge for any scrap pieces of steel or iron . . . as it came in, he made screw drivers, end wrenches, ham-

mers, pliers and other tools and equipment as needed.

"They weren't much to look at," Gasdick recalls, "but they sure did the trick until our factory-made tools caught up with us. Everyone out there started calling me 'Scrap Iron Joe'."

Another job Gasdick accomplished with pride was converting a P-40 fighter to a photo plane.

The 14th U. S. Air Force came in to relieve the volunteers in July 1942. Gasdick returned to the United States and worked briefly as a civilian for Curtiss-Wright before joining the Air Force.

He was assigned to the 50th Fighter Group with P-47 Republic Thunderbolt Fighters—first stop England, then on

to the beaches of Normandy D-day plus four. Finally after the breakthrough, they followed the Germans across France into Germany.

Gasdick was offered a flight engineer spot on a Douglas C-47 used to transport troops back and forth to rest camps.

After discharge in September 1945, he came to NARF Alameda two months later.

Still intrigued by scrap metal, today Gasdick enjoys sculpting it. His greatest ambition after retirement is to own a junk yard!

Gasdick and his wife, Betty, live in Oakland at 3727 Victor Avenue. He has two grown children in the East.



From The Statesman

DUM DUM—Four murders—two men beaten to death, a youth stabbed to death and another beheaded—were committed in 24-Paraganas district in one day. The first man's death was after a dispute over a woman. The second, a cyclist, was attacked by several young men and the headless body of a youth was found near the railway lines. Police were investigating. One of a gang that hurled bombs into a house was killed by neighbors in fighting the dacoits off.

CALCUTTA—A red flag had been flying for several days on a school building. Police did not enter the school because the school authorities had not "officially" informed them about it. A red flag was hoisted on another school where Naxalites damaged a statue of Mahatma Gandhi and demanded that a statue of Mao Tse-tung be set up.

NEW DELHI—The fear that the uneven impact of the family planning drive may upset the distribution of parliamentary seats in different regions has been widespread. Officials say that sterilization between 1956 and

1960 did not exceed 70,000 and this would not mean a decrease of even a single seat. The 1972 general elections would be held on the same basis as the previous census figures.

CALCUTTA—At a fashionable New Delhi cinema a patron felt something soft on his foot. Thinking it was a piece of cloth or maybe a sock had been kicked forward, he forgot about it. Minutes later there was the same sensation and he saw a big fat rat scampering all over the hall.

KRISHNAGAR—An attempt to kill some police officials by poisoning their food was allegedly made while they were out to raid Naxalite dens. When they returned to their mess—some distance away from the Kotwali thana—they found an oily substance mixed with the fish curry. Some other residents of the building told the officials that two young men had entered the kitchen in their absence. The curry bowl was sent for examination.

CALCUTTA—A five year old boy fell into an open manhole on Belgatchia Road in Calcutta. He was brought out after two hours efforts by Fire Brigade men and removed to the R. G. Kar Medical Hospital where he was declared dead. The boy was walking along the road with his mother, said to be a beggar woman. A bus was coming from the other side and the child side-stepped and then disappeared.

Tourists on Elephants in Tiger Roundup

By GUY RYAN

The Philadelphia Bulletin

KATMANDU, Nepal—It is modestly billed as one of the greatest pageants of all time.

And for the first time in its history, ordinary sportsmen and adventurers have been invited to take part.

It's the first time it has been staged since 1961 (for Queen Elizabeth). And it may be the last.

It's a tiger roundup in Nepal, 75 miles southwest of Katmandu. It starts at the famous Tigertops Hotel.

They call it an elephant ring, which translates into the fact that the mighty Nepal tigers are rounded up out of the dense jungle around Tigertops by a coterie of camera-carrying hunters who witness the action from the safety of their trusty elephants.

Guns are not allowed—except in the hands of experienced native tiger hunters who accompany the paying clients for added protection.

The elephant ring is a moving wall of dozens of elephants which encircles whatever tigers, rhinos and deer that may be caught up in the sweep. As the ring closes, only the Nepal tiger is held in the slowly closing circle of the elephants. At this point, the client-bearing elephants take their places in the ring.

As the tiger feels the noose tighten, he breaks cover and pandemonium sets in as the trapped tiger charges the elephants with a roar. Backward and forward the snarling animal charges, probing for a hole in the ring—and escape.

Meanwhile, the clients and the guides are shouting and yelling and the elephants are trumpeting and thumping the ground with their trunks.

Occasionally, when an elephant is attacked directly by the tiger, he turns tail and bolts. Other elephants move in to close the gap.

Frequently, three or four tigers may be caught in the ring and the thrills and excitement are trebled or quadrupled. Sometimes the ring is held for an hour or more while the infuriated tiger roars to high heaven, lunging through the air at the elephants, charge after charge, while the clients snap and grind away with their cameras.

Then the tigers are released unharmed from the ring and disappear again into the jungle.

Four of these jungle pageants, with a maximum of 50 clients each, are scheduled for March. Each will last four days, with two elephant rings each day.

Creature comforts for the jungle include picnics close to the fast-moving action, complete with a cocktail-elephant bearing refreshments. Nimble-footed bar boys (no go-go girls) serve your drinks, often skipping from elephant back to elephant back in the process.

Clients will be housed in a deluxe tent camp a few hundred feet down the jungle river below Tigertops Hotel. (The hotel is fully booked for the year.) Each tent will have a bedroom, sitting room and a private bathroom. Large tents for pleasuring—dining, lounging and drinking—are included in the tent city. □

ARE YOU A TIGER?

If you were assigned or attached to the AVG, CATF, and/or the 14th Air Force, before and during World War II in China, as military, tech representative, Red Cross personnel, or US Civil Service personnel, you can join the unique and colorful FLYING TIGERS of the 14th Air Force Association—a "Last-Man Group".

Write for informational literature to Milt Klein, 9 Interstate St., Suffern, N.Y. 10901.

Kwai Bridge Still Stands

By HENRY KAMM
New York Times Service

At a bridge on the River Kwai in Thailand—When a train rumbles across the trestle, the tourists scamper onto the little escape platforms the prisoners of war did not build.

The prisoners could hardly foresee, nor could their Japanese captors, that one day the bridge would be a goal of excursionists.

There is nothing but the famous bridge on the River Kwai to bring anyone to this thinly populated region of hill and jungle in Western Thailand, two-thirds of the way from Bangkok to the Burmese border.

There is only some lumbering and rice growing, and there are fishing villages along the river, also known as the Khwae Noi.

If it were not for some American soldiers stationed in the region, and for Thai entrepreneurs hoping to make a living from their presence, it is doubtful that anyone would come here.

But the soldiers, turn up on weekends, mainly in organized groups, and explain to their Thai girl friends about the movie, based on the novel by Pierre Boulle, and about "The Colonel Bogey March."

There is nothing left of the camps in which thousands of prisoners—mainly Britons, with a good sprinkling of the Australians and Dutchmen—lived while building for the Japanese the railroad line to connect the Thai and Burmese rail networks and facilitate a projected Japanese campaign against India.

By all accounts, the camps were the worst in World War II. About four per cent of Nazi Germany's prisoners of war died; the percentage among those held by the Japanese was 27—and it was much higher here.

All that remains are the cemeteries. There are two, one near here, at the edge of the town of Kanchanaburi, which was only a village in October, 1942, when construction of the bridge began. The other, inaccessible by road,

is on the opposite bank of the Kwai.

Row upon neat row, more than 3,000 Britons are buried under low grave markers. The graves of several hundred Dutch soldiers and sailors lie scattered among them.

Their gravestones name their regiments, a reminder of the death of empire. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers are still shoulder to shoulder here with the Malacca Volunteer Corps, the Johore Volunteer Engineers and the Singapore Royal Artillery.

Those who survived the sinking of the battle cruiser Repulse in Singapore Harbor did not live through the Chungkai prison camp, where they built the bridge on the Kwai.

Work on the rail line was completed in October, 1943. About 250 miles of track were laid, three-quarters in Thailand. The United States Air Force put the line out of action before the war ended, and the Thai Government rebuilt it later.

A Japanese construction truck and inexplicably a Thai steam locomotive stand near the river in lieu of a monument.

A sign recalls that not only prisoners of war but 60,000 Indians, Burmese, Thais, Chinese and Indonesians served as forced laborers on the railway.

Occasional tourists from Japan visit the bridge because they too have probably seen the movie, which starred Sir Alec Guinness, William Holden and Jack Hawkins. The Japanese smile politely when asked about their nationality.

On a plank at the center of the bridge—showing, perhaps that Thais bear no grudges—a motorcycle buff has written the brand names of two Japanese cycles, Honda and Isuzu, as popular here as they are throughout Asia. □

1971 CBI REUNION
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BOOK REVIEWS



AMERICANS AND CHINESE: Purpose and Fulfillment in Great Civilizations. By Francis L. K. Hsu. Doubleday (Natural History Press,) Garden City, N.Y. December 1970. \$12.50.

A revised and updated version of a 1953 book—an extremely sympathetic treatment of both America and China which focuses on the character of the common man rather than government or politics. This book is filled with anecdotes illustrating the minds and feelings of both Chinese and Americans. The author, a distinguished social scientist, has lived in this country for 20 years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION IN COMMUNIST CHINA, 1949-1965. By Kang Chao. University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, Wis. December 1970. \$15.00.

China's agriculture today is faced with the staggering need to feed and clothe a population that will soon number a billion, which is more than one quarter of the world's people. China's agricultural productivity is little known in the Western world, but the author has made a careful study and concludes that the government's efforts to attain success in this field points to some startling trends.

THE DRAGON WAKES. By Christopher Hibbert. Harper & Rowe, New York, N.Y. January 1971. \$10.00.

An English military historian and biographer writes of the relations between China and the West from 1793 to 1911, the final years of the Ch'ing Dynasty. He draws from eyewitness accounts, journals and reports made by key figures, ranging from Lord McCartney, the first British ambassador, to Sun Yat-Sen, who founded modern-day China by restoring a "national state." Hibbert misses nothing of the epic of China's struggles against "barbarians" and "foreign devils"—or of China's traditional self-centered isolationism.

THE PRISONER AND THE BOMB. By Laurens van der Post. William Morrow & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. \$5.00.

When the bomb fell on Hiroshima,

Colonel van der Post was in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp in Java where malnutrition was the rule and the mortality rate high. Though the well-known South African author writes of the horrors of war—the brutalities of the guards and the reaction to the bomb—he also writes of "forgiveness" on both sides. His attempt is to place Hiroshima in its historical context. He does not believe use of the bomb was justified, even though he had been advised that between 200,000 and 400,000 prisoners of war would have been massacred had the war continued.

GANDHI IN SOUTH AFRICA. By Robert J. Huttenback. Cornell University Press, Ithaca, N.Y. January 1971. \$9.95.

Those who are interested in all aspects of the life of Gandhi will be interested in this account of his early years in South Africa, which illuminates a formative period in the Indian leader's career that has been relatively neglected. Gandhi came to Natal in 1893 as a junior counsel for a commercial firm. He earned a very low salary at first but in a few years was well paid, and he contributed all his earnings to the cause of nonviolently winning fair treatment for his fellow Indians in South Africa at the time. This was a bitter period, when immigrant Indians were struggling for survival under the oppression of the Boers. Although Gandhi's efforts were not successful, he carried what he learned back to India, with historic results.

GET YAMAMOTO. By Burke Davis. Bantam Books, New York, N.Y. January 1971. Paperback; 95c.

A top-secret message from the Japanese, intercepted by American monitoring stations in the Pacific in April 1943, indicated that an inspection tour of advance bases was to be made by Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Navy and the man who planned the Pearl Harbor attack. U.S. Air Force planes under Navy command intercepted and shot down Yamamoto's plane. The author, through interviews with pilots and other personnel and examination of records, reconstructs the incident and subsequent events.

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Hearing Problems of India

By GEORGE THOMAS
The Pittsburgh, Pa., Press

Getting millions of natives of India to "lend an ear" to world problems—or anything else—is almost impossible, a leading Pittsburgh audiologist reports.

Dr. Leo G. Doerfler, just returned from a Federally supported one-month teaching mission to Southeast Asia, is appalled by India's hearing problems—and glad to be alive.

He missed by one day a riot in which 44 were killed, had his bus stoned on another day and had his car violently rocked when the Communists won an election in Calcutta.

But his problems—including severe insect bites, near-suffocation by the crush of immense crowds, water shortages—were minor compared with those of the Indians, said Dr. Doerfler, Eye and Ear Hospital audiology chief.

"How do you establish an effective hearing and language program, he said, "in a nation with 15 languages and 50 to 60 dialects?"

Dr. Doerfler, whose international team was sent to help Indian doctors accomplish that—or at least plan it—emphasized that the language problem was only one of many Indian facets in this field.

But it is one, he added, that makes diagnosis of hearing defects extremely difficult for Indian audiologists trained in one language and dialect and expected to test hearing in persons speaking many others.

Audiologists in India also have been largely paralyzed by the "extreme difficulty" of importing test instruments into that country because of currency protection laws limiting the drain on rupees.

This difficulty is compounded by the problem of importing parts when foreign instruments break down, Dr. Doerfler said.

Only recently, he added, has India been making its own instruments—vintage about 1950.

The problems of testing hearing are superimposed, he said, on a major

national problem of hearing loss and ear ailments—chiefly middle ear disease.

This is partly caused, Dr. Doerfler suggested, by the continuing high incidence of such ear-infecting diseases as cholera, typhus and leprosy, largely wiped out in the West.

But possibly an even more important cause of Indian hearing loss, he added, is widespread marriage between close relatives—about a third of all marriages there.

This perpetuates genetic strains carrying hearing loss, he said.

As a result, the audiologist reported, 75 per cent of the children in Indian schools for the deaf, which are few, have inherited ear defects compared with about one-third of those in U.S. schools.

On the brighter side, Dr. Doerfler said, is that the Indian government is emphasizing hearing despite its occupation with such problems as poverty, starvation, disease and unrest.

He said this was encouraging in a land where:

Most "bootblacks" shine feet because so few people have shoes.

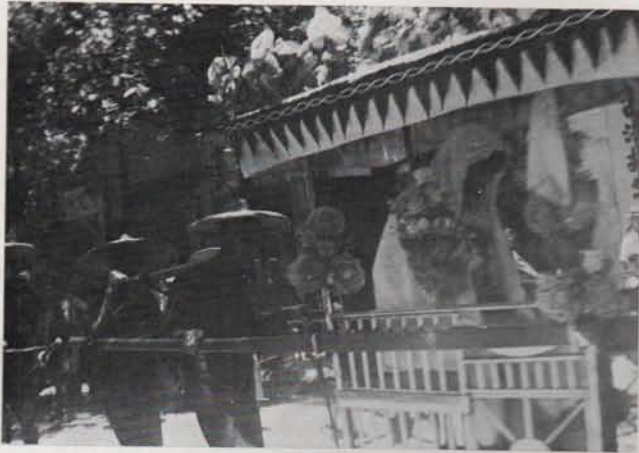
Six million people are crammed into one city (Calcutta), the size of Pittsburgh, with six million more crowding into it every day to work.

Government is all but paralyzed by red tape so thick that it took him an hour and a half of filling out forms just to change an American five-dollar bill into ones.

Despite all this, however, Dr. Doerfler found India beautiful and exciting. He said he was generally well-treated—even though he was thrown out of one temple for following a sacred elephant into an inner sanctum. □

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BRIDE at Kweilin, China, is ceremoniously carried to the altar in October 1943. Photo by Milt Klein.

Met in Calcutta

● Twenty-five years ago, about 5,000 of us spent most of January on the General Callan from Karachi to Seattle. We landed January 30. The next day I married a girl I had met in Calcutta in 1944. My wife was an Army nurse with the 142nd General Hospital. They had 26 months in the Fiji Islands in the South Pacific and were then "rotated" to Calcutta for about 10 more months. We have two children. Our daughter, 22, is a senior in college in Atlanta; our son, 21, is a junior at Notre Dame in South Bend. Our thanks for the great work with Roundup! We hope to get to one of the annual reunions. Why not have it in the southeastern part of the country one year.

WILLIAM D. MASTIN,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

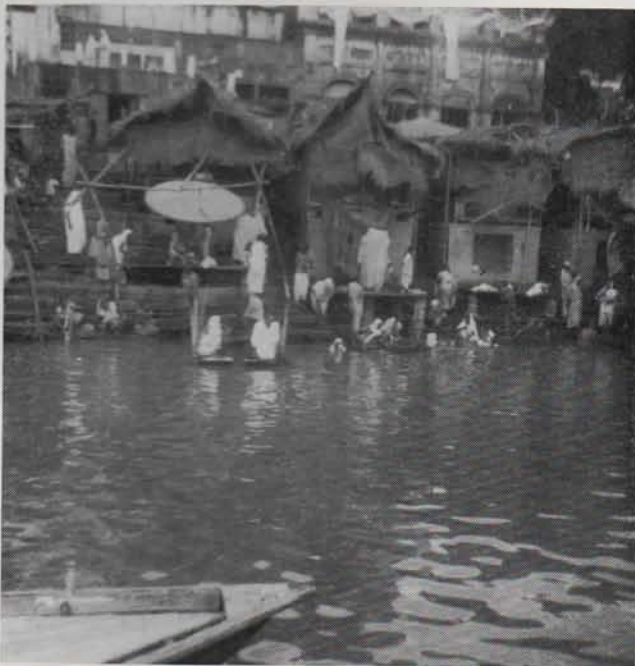
If you can't make it to Dallas in 1971, how about Miami Beach in 1972?
—Ed.

Mars Task Force

● The older I get the more I enjoy Roundup. I would like to see or hear from more fellows who were in the Mars Task Force. I understand there is a book out by the name of "Mars Men in Burma" by John

Randolph. I have been trying for a year to obtain a copy and have had no luck. If anybody has one I would like to beg, borrow, buy or rent a copy of it.

MARVIN BOYENGA,
610 S. Tenn Pl.
Mason City, Iowa



WORSHIPPERS bathing in the Holy Ganges at Banares, India. Photo by Joe C. Shaw.

Denver CBIers

● The Colorado CBI Basha held party-meetings in Denver in December and January. The first, with Christmas theme, was hosted by the Ed Parmalees, with 24 attending. The January party was held at the Clarence Gordons, with 30 turning out. We have found that dull business meetings are not conducive to good turnouts. These two party-meetings met with excellent success because the entire atmosphere was that of a good time. We hope to have more in the future.

DANTE BARCELLA,
Denver, Colo.

10,000 Tons

● Am interested in Colonel White's "Ten Thousand Tons by Christmas." To the best of my knowledge, the 10,000th ton was flown out of Mohanberi and I am quite certain I crewed as radio operator on this flight.

JOSEPH MACKRELL, JR.,
Glenshaw, Pa.



Commander's Message

by
Howard Clager
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

I write this article with mixed emotions—it's great to be able to lend a helping hand when a friend beckons, but I only wish the circumstances that led to my writing this column had never arisen.

Our Commander, Howard Clager, asked me to fill in for him this month until he gets some health problems corrected. He underwent spinal surgery in February, and, as you probably

know, the recuperation is long and tedious.

So, in true CBI tradition, we will try to carry on for Howard until he can be back with us.

Area get-togethers seem to be very successful ventures as they are becoming more prevalent across the nation.

On March 20 and 21, 1971, the CBI-ers of the San Joaquin Valley held a successful reunion. The Delaware Valley Basha is hosting its Third Annual All-East Get-Together on April 17, 1971, at the Mallard Inn on Route 73 and Exit 4 of the New Jersey Turnpike. Anyone interested in attending can contact Joe Thompson, 215-623-8504, or Bob Thomas, 215-673-2784. The Northwest Reunion of CBI veterans, hosted by the Dhobi Walla Basha, will be held at the Sherwood Motor Inn, 400 NE 45th Street, Seattle, Washington, from June 24 through the 27th. Interested persons may obtain further details from Lee Bakker, 621 12th Avenue E, Seattle, Washington 98102.

With these mini-reunions and state department meetings becoming annual or semi-annual events, it would seem that we in CBI never get to see enough of each other. The only conclusion that can be drawn from this is that we have a very deep affection for one another that can be satisfied only by meeting more frequently. And, as the years pass by, we cherish our friendships more dearly.

BOB THOMAS
Senior Vice Commander

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.

COMMANDER CLAGER DIES

As this issue of Ex-CBI Roundup went to press, notification was received of the death of National Commander Howard Clager.

Funeral services were set for Wednesday, March 24.

A New Career

● Was in the old 7th Bomb Group, a B-24 outfit that flew the Hump as well as bombing Rangoon, Bangkok, etc. We were stationed out of Madaganj and Pandaveswar, India, in 1944 and 1945. I was recalled for the Korean War, checked out in B-29s and in six weeks we were combat ready and flew a tour over there. I decided to make it a career and went into B-36s, then B-52s. After three wars, 6,000 hours, retired as Lt. Col. after 20 years from Amarillo, Texas; immediately entered Presbyterian seminary, and will be graduating this coming May. Will probably remain in Texas as a minister. Had some great experiences while stationed in Guam in 1967 with a B-52 unit. Got a 10-day leave to remote Marshall Islands; was gone almost 23 days (shipwrecked, storms, grass huts—the whole bit). While in Mille discovered wreck of American P-36 on a Jap-held air base of WW2 (now all rotted, but just as it was—a ghost island, almost). We since identified the American hero (quite a story), and have since contacted his parents near San Diego. The story is written up in Aerospace Historian, Fall 1968.

JOSEPH C. WRIGHT,
Austin, Texas

Served in Assam

● Was a medic attached to the Shamrock truck regiment in Assam. Spent time at Chabua, Nowgong, Gauhati and Goalpara. With my wife, a British civilian who spent 16 years in Assam, enjoy every issue.

EDWARD W. HOPE,
Oberlin, Ohio

Heads Agency

● Gerrit D. Fremouw, a CBI veteran, now heads the new consolidated construction service agency established within the U.S. Office of the Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Known

as the Facilities Engineering and Construction Agency, it represents a merging of services previously furnished by various components of the Department to health and education construction programs. Mr. Fremouw was formerly deputy chief of staff, civil engineering, of the Strategic Air Command. During World War II, if my memory is correct, he was with the engineers at Kunming and later Peishiyi, China. I believe at Peishiyi he was executive officer of the 2201st Engineer Aviation Battalion.

JAMES W. BOWMAN,
Littleton, Colo.

3rd Fighter Gp.

● Served three years in India and China; was a member of the 28th Fighter Squadron, 3rd Fighter Group, Chinese-American Composite Wing. Am now a member of the 14th Flying Tiger organization.

GEORGE W. ALLNOCH,
Waycross, Ga.

Mail From CBIers

● Keep the fine magazine flowing my way; I do appreciate all the fine material I find in every issue. I have received mail from several ex-CBI men after my letter appeared in the April 1970 issue.

ROLAND C. SPERRY,
Anaheim, Calif.



AN OLD MAN is shown in this picture, "Age" by K. A. Patel of Bombay, India.

A new book published in February 1971
by the Macmillan Company . . .

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